## FOR SWEET CHARITY.

How the Order of Elks Was First Started in a Beer Saloon.

TEDDY BYRON THE KING OF NERVE.

Putting an Entire Company in a New Hampshire Poor House.

MISS KATE STOKES' HEROIC RIDE

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.



of the order? Very few, if any, I warrant

Not many years ago a certain saloon on Fourth avenue, New York City, was the favorite resort of many of the leading members of the theatrical

profession, who met there nightly to drink a glass of beer, smoke a cigar or favorite pipe, and exchange tales of experience on the road or bemoan the decline of the good old stock days. What a fund of anecdote I have heard there, what reminiscenes of famous actors, of Forrest, the elder Booth, of J. W. Wallack, now dead and gone, but whose memory lived fresh as of yore in the recollection of their compatriots. How tenderly their faults were handled and their good points brought forward. What famous people I have met there. Old "Jack" Studley, a capital actor, at one time leading man for Mary Anderson and John McCullough, Dominick Murray, one of the greatest character actors the world ever saw. gruff and erratic, yet generous to a fault. Charles Thorne and John Parselle, of the Union Square stock, W. L. Gleason, and the ideal of stage lovers, lamented Harry Crisp, W. H. Leake, afterward manager of the California Theater, and others.

THE ELKS' RETREAT. A certain corner of the room was always reserved for them, and styled the "Elks' Retreat," in contradistinction to the famous "Lambs" Club, organized by Lester Wal-

lack and members of New York swelldom.

Here the question of an actors' benefit as-



Kate Stokes' Dash,

sociation was time and again agitated: constitution similar to that of the present order was drawn up and submitted, but before definite steps could be taken toward official organization death and business demands broke up the party and prevented further action. What must be considered the first charity fund of the Elks was called forth by the following pathetic circum-

One of the party, a master stage mechanic, whose name I am unable to give in this con-nection, failed to appear at the meetings for several nights. He was one of the most genial, merry, whole-souled fellows of the lot, and his presence was sadly missed. Finally, on the suggestion that some accident might have happened, a committee of two was appointed to go to his home and in-vestigate. Imagine their surprise and grief to find him sitting beside the dead bodies of his wife and child, both of whom had died that afternoon of pneumonia. As he beheld his friends he rose to his feet, and, with the exclamation, "My God, boys, this is too bad," he, strong man as he was, fell sobbing

upon their shoulders.
This was too much for the others, and for

that money could provide. The caskets were buried amid a profusion of flowers, tributes of love and respect. With the child was buried a wax doll, to which she

touishing. There was absolutely nothing that he would not do. The man did not live that he dared not approach. He was the beau ideal of the ladies' man—courteous, witty and possessed of a certain non-chaint coolness that our women so much

a company to tour the New England cir-cuit, presenting the "Celebrated Case" and the "Two Orphans"—plays requiring not only special scenery, but the most elaborate possessed. Business was bad enough at first, but it seemed to get worse continually. But by bit the baggage disappeared to satisfy hotel claims, until after about ing, neither of which the compan tel claims, until after about a five-weeks' trip, the company found themselves in a small town in New Hampshire, without a dollar or a particle of baggage. In this dilemma the Byron nerve came to the rescue. Seeking the Chairman of the Selectmen of the town, whom he found working in his

the city. At the appointed time the entire board of selectmen, appeared at the hotel, and after a short negotiation, tickets were purchased for the entire party to Boston. The board then went into session and passed a special ordinance prohibiting theatrical performances in the Town Hall for ever

When Boston's millionaire manager, John Stetson, after years' enjoyment of the liberties of bachelorhood, announced to his friends that on the following day he would Company in a New
Poor House.

EES' HEROIC RIDE

THE DISPATCE.:

OW many of those who took part in the recent celebration of the Elks, to say nothing of the lookers-on, are aware of the order? Very the recent cycle?

Of the order? Very the recent cycle of the recent cycle of the order? Very the recent cycle of the order? Very the recent cycle of the order? The recent cycle of the order of the order? Very the recent cycle of the order of the order? Very the recent cycle of the order of the order? Very the recent cycle of the order of the or



They Emptied Their Pocketbooks.

satisfactory life of the dramatic stage. For some time previous to her marriage she was a familiar figure, mounted on a superb thorough-bred, in the principle avenues of Boston. A REBOINE'S DEED.

One day while out riding an alarm of fire sounded, and an engine came tearing down Washington street in the direction of the conflagration. Near the corner of Temple place the right side of the street was occupied by a line of private carriages, and the center closed line of private carriages, and the center closed by a blockade of horse cars, leaving only a narrow open space on the left for the passage of the engine. An old lady had started to cross the street, when, frightened by the warning cries of the lookers on, she lost her self-possession and stood still directly in the center of the open space. She seemed incapable of moving, and the ladies covered their faces, momentarily expecting to see her trampled to death beneath the feet of the engine horses. The driver recognized the danger and attempted to pull up the horses, but he might as well have tried to check the flow of Niagara. He could not turn out without running into the carriages and cars filled with human freight, and doing immense damage, and it seemed as if the old lady would be sacrificed. Miss Stokes, from her position behind the line of vehicles, withesitation she drove the spurs into her horse's hesitation she drove the spurs into her horse's nessed the situation. Without a moment's hesitation she drove the spurs into her horse's fank and, clearing an intervening animal at a bound, she rode directly in front of the approaching engine. With an oath the driver ground his teeth together, expecting two victims instead of one. But no. As she neared the old lady sins Stokes bent in the saddle, and, catching her, she actually lifted her to the saddle in front of her, and passed up Temple place, and not a second too soon, as the pole of the engine grazed the horse's quarters. A hair's breadth and the animal would have been thrown, and the heroine and her burden trampled to death.

### OLD-TIME LANDMARKS. Foundries and Furnaces Stand on the Sites of Olden Manslons-How Pittsburg

in Spreading Into the Rural Districts. IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.

The first fashionable suburb to which our city's successful merchants retired in search of country air and smooth shady lawns was along the Allegheny river in the district now embraced in the Eighteenth ward. It must have been when the century was very young that attention was first directed to this section as a place for country seats. The old stone mansion, which stood until recently, a short distance within the Allegheny Cemetery gate and known in olden time as the Bayard mansion, was built in the year 1806, Reuben Miller, Sr., having done the stone work. This, with the Ewalt mansion, which still stands on Forty-fifth street, near Butler, and the Bishop farmhouse, a little above the present site of the Lucy furnace, were the principal landnarks in that section of the three-quarters of a

entury ago.
It must have been early in the thirties that This was too much for the others, and for a few moments the three men stood in the center of the room and cried like children. Slowly the bereaved husband and father quieted down, and while one of the friends went to the undertaker's the other hastened back to the saloon with his sad news.

As he described the scene there was not a dry eye in the party, and when, without a word, Charlie Thorne arose, and taking his hat, passed from one to the other, pocket-books were emptied. No one took account of what they gave; it was all they had.

THE FIRST ELK FUNEBAL.

Never shall I forget the funeral, of which the Elkt took full charge—it was the best that money could provide. The caskets were buried amid a profusion of flowers, tributes of love and respect. With the child was buried a wax doll, to which she was greatly attached, and which had been

child was buried a wax doll, to which she was greatly attached, and which had been dressed in mourning by Jack Studley. Many of the participants are now dead, and the above incident, by the others, partially forgotten, but there is a sad-laced man in a New York theater to whose eyes the tears will come unbidden if you mention the first funeral of the original Elks.

Everybody in the East knew Edwin Byron, or 'Teddy,'' as he was generally called.

No young man ever had a more promising start in the profession than he. Of an excellent family, possessing rare tailents, a marvelous memory and exceptional mimetic power, the future seemed to hold forth the brightest prospects, yet he became a drunkard, deliberately cast aside his future, and in spite of the effort of his friends, he decended lower and lower, until, finally east of by his family, he gave full scope to the accursed appetite, and eventually died of delirium in a city hospital.

Surrouneed of wax to which had been dide, to which had been dressed in momoring by Jack Studley.

A few days ago I strolled among those old boyhood haunts, and tried to find the old familiar places pictured in memory, but for the most vial. The site of the original home of Dr. Mowry is now occupied by Lucy Furnace and tried to find the old familiar places pictured in memory, but for the most vall. The site of the original home of Dr. Mowry is now occupied by Lucy Furnace and tried to find the old familiar places pictured in memory, but for the most vall. The site of the original home of Dr. Mowry is now occupied by Lucy Furnace and tried to find the old familiar places pictured in memory, but for the most vall. The site of the original home of Dr. Mowry is now occupied by Lucy Furnace and tried to find the old familiar places pictured in the bid boyhood haunts, and tried to find the old familiar places pictured in the original home of Dr. Mowry is now occupied by Lucy Furnace and twell. The site of the original home of Dr. Mowry is now occupied by Lucy Furnace and twall. The site

of delirium in a city hospital.

A MAN OF NERVE.

His confidence, or nerve, was simply astonishing. There was absolutely nothing that he would not do. The man did not live that he dared not approach. He was the beau useal of the ladies' man—courtecus, witty and possessed of a certain nonchalant coolness that our women so much admire.

Near the close of his career he organized a company to tour the New England circuit, presenting the "Celebrated Case" and the "Two Ornhans"—plays recouring not the city, and in a few more pears every vestige of the olden time will have passed away. of the olden time will have passed away.
Y. O.

THE EYES OF GREAT MEN.

An Oculist Says the Color of Most of Them Is Blue or Gray.

From the Philadelphia Press.]
An oculist who has made the human eye a study for 30 years, and who has examined many famous men's eyes, declared the other day that the "thoroughbred American" eye was steel

"Would you say that black-eyed and brown garden, be, in the most pathetic manner possible, presented him with an application to put his entire company, consisting of 13 people, in the county poorhouse.

AN ASTONISHED OFFICIAL.

This request, to quote its author, "paralized" the official; he dropped his hoe, and after calling for an hour's delay, hurriedly departed to consult the remsining members of the board.

With a smile Byron returned to the hotel, told the landlord a funny story, "stood him off" for a drink, and in his perfect faith in the success of his scheme, wrote a letter to a Boston friend, stating his early return to "Would you say that black-eyed and brown

E. Berry Wall Talks Familiarly About the Full-Dress Coat.

A PLEA FOR KNEE BREECHES.

Why Englishmen Succumb to American Drinking Habits.

FASCINATING BUT FATAL MIXED DRINKS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, July 26 .- There is much discussion among young men as to the use of what is known as the summer dress coat, meaning thereby a black sack with a rolling collar and worn with the conventional low-cut black vest and black trousers. It is a sensible garment when worn seasonably, but it must always be borne in mind that it is not part of a ceremonious attire. It is a light, airy, comfortable piece of dress, and well fitted for the informal gatherings of the hot season when most of the staid formalities of the winter are set aside. For seaside hops, for escorting ladies to the theater and even for dinner parties in country houses, the summer dress suit is admirably adapted, and its use is sensible and commendable. For formal gatherings, however, such, for instance, as a dinner given to honor an individual or commemorate an anniversary or an occasion, the summer dress suit is entirely out of place, and we must place ourselves in tight embrace of the full-fledged swallow tail.

The sway of the swallow-tail, by the way, is the most arbitrary in the world of dress. Its reign will outlive generations yet to come. Many but futile efforts have been made to break away from its bonds. Enter-prising society youths, determined to send it into exile, have cast themselves against the iron wall of dress conventionalism only to fall back utterly crushed in spirit. A slight breach in the custom which holds us was attempted two years ago by the young men who suddenly blossomed forth in

PLUM-COLORED SWALLOW-TAILS, but they soon faded out of sight. We may make a brief summer time escape through the medium of the sack coat compromise to which I have referred and we may, as we do now, make a great show of courage by de-claring that broadcloth is bad form for dress suits and that only a fine diagonal is proper, but through all these petty attacks, the swallow-tail rules triumphant. It is not beautiful, it is not graceful, it is rarely comfortable, but it has a clutch upon us which cannot be shaken off.

The most frequently expressed objection to the swallow-tailed coat, that it permits no distinction in

distinction in appearance between guests and servants in the dining room, is not, however, a valid one. The attire of servants is a matter which is in every master's conis a matter which is in every master's control. Why could not the servitors be distinguished by the wearing of knee breeches, if you please? That reminds me of how last season half a dozen New Yorkers practiced the reverse of that proposition and attempted to revolutionize the custom of evening dress for men. Their daring has not heretofore been recorded. They move in the most exclusive circle in society, Whether or not their feelings had been exasperated by their being mistakingly ordered to perform some menial service at a swell reception I am unable to say, but they determined upon an innovation in evening attire. By prearrangement they appeared one night at a small but formal gathering arrayed in the conventional dress suit, but the trousers terminating abruptly suit, but the trousers terminating abruptly at the knees, the costume thence continuing in a pair of black silk stockings and a pair of pumps. They certainly won attention i

A LACK OF COURAGE.

They were those costumes throughout the season, but never had the audacity to aplic occasions. They exhibited them only in their own social clique, and never without the support of their united presence. But they have found no imitators, and candor compels me to record that the departure was

compels me to record that the departure was not a success. Folks seem disposed to make successing allusions to the young men's calves, which I may state confidentially were slightly padded. But the revelation of that fact need cause them no shame.

Few of us can, with any degree of pride, put our legs to the test of the knee-breeches, and in this we resemble, popular belief to the contrary, our ancestors for generations back. I have examined many specimens of back. I have examined many specimens of men's garments of centuries ago, and I have found almost invariably that where knee-breeches were used, the stockings were thickened largely at the calves. The sturdy thickened largely at the calves. The sturdy Englishman of to-day resorts to the same aid to symmetry. At the Queen's drawing rooms and the Prince of Wales' levees the gentlemen who attend are obliged to wear knee-breeches and black silk stockings, and the best built swells in London have the greatest pains taken with their hose, in order that judicious thickening in the right places will enable them to present, at least, the appearance of possessing a well-turned leg. In that, I think, they display only Christian consideration for the feelings of others. They do no one any harm by the slight deception, and they give gratification to the admiring eyes of charming woman. It may not be popular to say so, but I think the knee-breeches costume very

BEAUTIFUL AND ATTRACTIVE. I never heard any contempt expressed

I never heard any contempt expressed for George Washington on account of his displaying the contour of his calves, and I never knew that Benjamin Franklin suffered in public esteem because his trousers only reached to his knees. But custom nowadays says otherwise, and we who are its creatures must bend to the yoke of the swallow-tailed coat with vest cut low and trousers cut long. If any young man wishes to make a hit

and lead where others are sure to follow, let him adopt the latest English fad in the matter of dress. Only yesterday I received a letter from a friend in London, who is one of the best dressed men in the British Kingof the best dressed men in the British King-dom and the brother of an Earl, in which he describes the attire newly adopted by the swells of London. To begin with, the hat is a high white one, the use of which was tabooed this season and last by well dressed men in all the Eastern cities, the derby sup-planting it. But as I have said it is now men in all the Eastern cities, the derby supplianting it. But as I have said it is now reinstated in swell favor in London, and consequently it is as certain as day to be in vogue next seuson, in New York, anyhow. That may not be altogether creditable to New York, but it is true. With this hat the London swells wear a frock coat, either of siste or ran color, trousers of the same material, and a white vest. The coat is made so that it will slightly roll, and is never buttoned. The necktie is the oddest feature of this costume. It is wrapped twice around the neck and then tied in a semblance of the "chokers" of half a century ago. The man who has the contage to appear thus arrayed will be in advance of next season's fashions. If the doubly-neck-enfolding cravat comes into general use there will be much rivalry among young men as to their relative expertness in tying. Nowadays there is much more general attention paid to neckties than ever before. This is largely owing to their remarkshie cheapness, and is also due to the increasing attention which the men of this country bestow on dress. All well-dressed men now realize that they must the their own cravata. No the which is made up can be properly adjusted. It is stiff and lacking in gracefulness. Ties for evening dress are now worn much wider than has been customary. Either black or white is correct.

Pennsylvania and Maryland produce the finest whiskies in the world, and we bring from Europe, despite foolish talk about adulterations, the finest liquors which money can buy. The trouble with the Englishman is that he doesn't know how to drink. At home he takes wine only at his dinner table and confines his daytime imbiblings, to ale of plain Irish and Scotch whisky and water, or brandy and sods. When he gets in the wild whirl of American mixed drinks, his head and his feet fall him and he wonders what has come over him.

Young Americans nowadays display a knowledge of the relative effects of various drinks which might do credit to a doctor of medicine. Moralists may bewall the existence of such dangerous knowledge, but men will drink, and that being the case, it is certainly better they should drink intelligently and not fall through ignorance as does the Englishman who comes to America. Through his knowledge of bibulous effects it is absolutely marvelous how much liquor a young American of the world worldly can absorb without suffering any apparent harm. Scorning the old dictum about mixing drinks he runs the entire alcoholic gamut. He doesn't touch cocktails in the morning, a proceeding which is the beginning of a quickly-approaching end with the Englishman in America.

THE EXPERIENCED AMERICAN SWELL begins the day's imbibations with a frozen absinthe. He finds that gives tone to his stomach and steadiness to his nerves. He doesn't take two. That would be fatal. He touches no more liquor until an hour after breakfast, when he gloatingly approaches a gin fizz, which he finds so refreshing that he assimilates two more before lunch. That meal he prefers with a class of sherry with a dash assimilates two more before lunch. That meal he prefaces with a glass of sherry with a dash of orange bitters in it, and washes his food down with a bottle of bass. The afternoon journeyings put him outside of three whisky punches and one Remsen cooler. Dinner is invited with an old-fashioned whisky cocktail. At this meat he rarely takes more than one kind of wine. He drinks either a quart of claret or a quart of champague, and follows his coffee with a glass of cordial. After the theater he drinks as many glasses of beer as his thirst suggests, winding up this attack with a glass of frozen Kummel, which his profound knowledge tells him is a "settler" for beer. Then before turning in for the night he ends the day's proceedings with a small glass of brandy in a bottle of plain soda. A tally list of the day's drinks makes a formidable total, and yet the American youth does all this without betraying in voice, walk or feature that he has been tippling. His British cousin who attempts to keep pace in the race does not observe the proper order to pursue, and in the wild conflict between drinks which ensues he is sacrificed.

As to the customs which surround his drink-

wild conflect between drinks which ensues he is sacrificed.

As to the customs which surround his drinking, the Englishman has, I think, somewhat the advantage of the American. The former does not consider it good form to stand at a bar and drink, and I am glad to see that now in this country those resorts are most patronized by men of position where tables and chairs and waiters are provided for the convenience of customers. But the greatest difference between England and this country in this matter concerns the great American evil of treating. It is a custom born of good fellowship, but is abused to a dreadful extent and is responsible for the larger portion of the evil effects of drinking. In London it is considered in the worst possible form for a man to offer to pay for what another drinks. Friends sit side by side, each one ordering what liquor he wishes and each one paying for what he obtains. When first told of the American custom the London swell says in surprise: "And do men take their acquaintances in stores and treat them to neckties and hats and shoes and clothing?"

They don't, but why shouldn't they if this

ing?"
They don't, but why shouldn't they if this "treating" custom is all right?
E. derer Wall.

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG. The Newly-Wed Couple Travel to Washlugton to See the Sights-The Hend Walters' Favorite Pastime-

15,000 Brides a Year. [SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.] WASHINGTON, July 26 .- "From here I can count you 15 brides clustered within 50 square feet of space," quoth an official guide, with a laugh, addressing a stranger up in the Capitol one morning this week. "Indeed! Show them to me."

The guide in answer pointed with his hand, and one by one, singled that number mentioned out of a crowd of young ladies and gentleman scattered through a spacious, statue-bordered chamber.

statue-bordered chamber.

"Ah, yes, you seem to be right. They do really all look like brides and grooms."

"They positively are brides and grooms," declares the guide; "I know it. And I can count that many and more, at almost any hour of any day in the year. Yes," he adds, "any day in the year." year."
And so, in good sooth, he might; for Washington certainly is a wonderful place for brides

somehow the grooms are less interesting and are lost sight of in contemplation of the brides —a veritable city of fascination and worship for married lovers, like Jerusalem and Mecca and Rome for faithful devotees in the religious

averiable city of fascination and worship for married lovers, like Jerushem and Mecca and Rome for faithful devotees in the religious pilgrimages of yors.

And it is not struce, after all. N w York can always drawwits quota of bridal o urists, can always drawwits quota of bridal o urists, can always drawwits quota of bridal o urists, can always drawwits quota to for the bender of the combination of the combin

JULIA GRANT'S EYES.

An Incident That Prettily Illustrates the Hero's Great Gallantry.

New York Graphic.; It is doubtful whether any chronicle of It is doubtful whether any chronicle or romance of the days of chivalry contains so touching an instance of matrimonial devotion as that lately told of General Grant. When the honors came upon the Grants, like sorrows to the house of Denmark, not single spies, but in battallons, the mistress of the White House began to renew the dream of her girlhood—to have her cross eyes straightened. Wishing to surprise the I resident, Mrs. Grant, telling nobody, sent for the most eminent oculist in America. He willingly promised to undertake the operation, which he assured her would be easy to accomplish and without danger.

The good lady could not contain herself for joy, and, woman-like (am I right, mesdames?), gave way when she saw her husband and confided to him her secret, the pleasure she had in store for him. He tooked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him with tender gaze through all the trials of a checkered career, and said, in simple way: "Julia, I wish you would not change them. I love them as they are, and they might seem strange if altered." Nor Launcelot, nor Romeo, nor lover of any clime or age ever spoke words of tenderer gallantry than those of the hero of Appomattor.

UPS AND DOWNS OF BASEBALL A Player Talks of the Vicissitudes in the

Life of a Prefessional.

IN AN ANCIENT CITY. A Pagan Monarch Who Could Not

Understand Christianity.

LASSOING A RUNAWAY TEAM. Mexican Boys Who Do Not Fight and Respect Their Parents.

MODERN DUDES IN THE CITY OF MEXICO

ITY OF MEXICO. July 6 .- "The end for me approaches, Malinche: it is even here. You cannot harm me further, nor help me if you would: I have given you all; you have taken all, my

"Yes."
"Is he going on a journey?"
"Oh, no; to his work."
So much for a custom that was new to me, which had about it an eloquent tenderness that produced a new experience. There was no lack of independence, but an expression of affectionate, manly deference, offered gladly and voluntarily, having no doubt of the love in return. It was the heart of the child with all its sweet remembrances avowing with ripened judgment and matured lips its sense of gratitude. I could not affirm that I would have my own boy exhibit his regard in this manner, but somehow it carried a suggestion that I should like to have known the custom when I was a boy. liberty, my kingdom, my life, and that have known the custom when I was a boy. which is more to me than kingdom, liber-Consideration for the dumb brutes is not wanting. In nearly every doorway will always be found a dish of water; these are for the dogs, who may be vagabonds or not. Rabies in the family of our faithful friends is more imaginary than sai. It is a rare ty or life: the affection of my people, the love of my counselors and friends. \* \* \* But I would not upbraid you; I pray that is more imaginary than real. It is a rare disorder, notwithstanding the opinion of the average policeman to the contrary. At the altitude of the City of Mexico I dare say a case was never known. But to keep the my ruin will benefit you. I beg of you care for my children."

LOVE OF DUMB ANIMALS.

I do not find that the natives are lacking

Upon another occasion, however, there was a little more interest manifested. A frightened

One day the old man had an assistant-a lit-

tle 10-year-old girl in a clean blue cotton dress and reboza. The child's complexion is a few

shades lighter than those common on the street; her face is a perfect oval. She works

street; her face is a perfect oval. She works earnestly at the little piles of dirt with her brown bands, and when she has one heap cleaned up the quick giance that she gives in the old man's direction is full of interest, and there is a pleased expression about her lips as sie picks up the basket and places it by another little pile. A word from the old man makes her look up at him and her lips part with a smile, so that the white teeth shine. The usually calm features of the elder relax, he smiles in return and says something further, whereat the little one laught, shakes her head and attacks the pile of dirt. These two seem to be alone in the crowd. They are intent only upon their task and each other. The man coming along with his donkey cart turns out a little that that he may not interfere with her work.

"Can you make that child any happier,

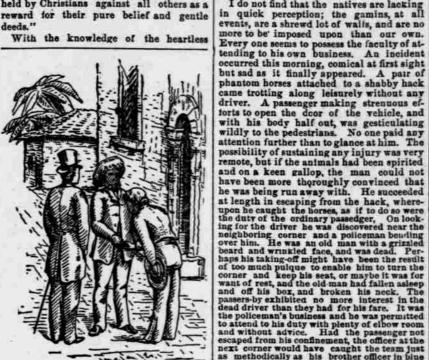
and high priest to a Christian conqueror; water handy is a police regulation to be ob-served by every householder under penalty of a fine. If it will not ward off madness it will serve as a sign to detect it. So the dogs are conveniently provided for and the timid citizen is given an assurance of a safeguard against all sorts of curs.

I do not find that the parties are leaving and it is said that Cortes, "the lovable villain," was deeply moved. "What is it you would have of me?" turning wearily to Padre Olmedo. "Do Spaniards go to this heaven of yours?"

Queer words these from a heathen king

"Assuredly; it was made for them, and is held by Christians against all others as a reward for their pure belief and gentle

With the knowledge of the heartless



Filial Courtesy in Mexico.

utchery of thousands of the Astees fresh in butchery of thousands of the Artees fresh in his mind, the genial father may reasonably be charged with unseemly satire.

"It is enough; I will none of it," and Montezuma turned his face to the wall. Some of these Spaniards erected temples commemorative of their achievements; and

charities, made necessary because of their SCENES IN A MEXICAN PARK.

There is one spot in the city which is al-ways beautiful—the Alameda. At a rough guess, there are about 20 acres in this park. air with music, and when this one ceases another will take up the melody. One may see every grade in the social scale among

see every grade in the social scale among the throngs that are strolling along the spacious waiks. The palsied and the blind gather here on Sunday mornings; the begars in his rags and Dives, who now condescends to go afoot, will touch elbows with Lazarus multiplied. The dude who exists upon nothing per day, and his congener upon a stipend of four reales, lock arms and puff cigarettes as affably as the don with credit at the bank.

A young man bearing a cane and otherwise dressed within an inch of his life, finds no care in considering the source of his next misself and leaves the text of the public. The hawker is here, and not one place on a stone bench a plebeian suspiciously scratches himself. On the other end sits a duenna and her Juno-eyed charge in sits and lace rebozas listening to the delicious mutic. The hawker is here, and not the least persistent among them is the vender of lottery tickets. At one side is a large circular building of stained glass and iron, where the drawings take place monthly under Government supervision "for the benefit of the public." Under its caves is a pavillon where the little ones are enjoying a merry-go-around on wooden horses, to the sound of a wheezing organ, if the bands are silent a moment, but that organ stops when the band begins. The children and their interess are everywhere under the shade, making smends for the chill that must haunt them in thedaily incarceration within stone courts and galleries.

DECOROUS LITTLE ONES. stone courts and galleries.

DECOROUS LITTLE ONES. The little ones are not given to romping, but stroll along with the decorum of their elders, chatty and gravely joyous. Now and then a peal of childish laughter breaks



The Runaway Team. from one of them and the sound of it will

A Plarer Talks of the Victositede is the Life of a Prefectsional.

Said Robinson, of the Brown, to a Globe-bies than ever before. This is largely owing to their remarkable cheapness, and is also due to the increasing attention which the men of this country betting the properties of the increasing attention which the men of this country betting the properties of the increasing attention which the men of this country betting the next the their own pand owns as in a ball player. One day we are prefered the thinks. The fore remained that they must the their own much wider than has been customary. Either black or white is correct.

Amenican METHODS OF DHINKING.

If our young men follow Englishmen in matters of dress, they don't in methods of drinking. It is a continual cause for surprise to New Yorkers who have heard and read of the proverbial hard-beadedness of the Britishers, to witness the marvelously rapid way in which they succumb to the potenty of American liquor. A newly arrived Englishmen who sees the sights with an American cours is apt to fall by the wayside before the journey is fairly statisd, and next mereing while he holds his "blastised" climate or the valuess of the whisky. Yet the climate has a dreadfully immortal characteristic which is favorable to heavy drinking, and as to the liquor, Kentucky, don't the whisky. Yet the climate has a dreadfully immortal characteristic which is favorable to heavy drinking, and as to the liquor, Kentucky, don't the whisky. Yet the climate has a dreadfully immortal characteristic which is favorable to heavy drinking, and as to the liquor, Kentucky, don't the mentod of the province of the p

ple treat their elders is, I am constrained to say, somewhat novel, and the good nature the little ones manifest toward each other is gratifying. I saw thousands of boys of all conditions, but failed to witness a quarrel. To say they have no disputes may be to assume too much, but if they fight among themseives they keep the affrays secret.

While talking to a gentleman on one occasion, we were approached by a handsome young man of 25, or thereabout; he bowed to me as if apoligizing for the interruption, and taking my companion's hand, pressed it to his lips. The act was cordial and dignified, and his "Adios" was accompanied by a pleasant smile.

"Your son?" I inquired, as the young man disappeared.

"Yes."

"Is he going on a journey?" AN INDIAN PARADISE

On the Osage Reservation, Where the Sand Plum and Pecan Grows and

THE EAGLE BUILDS ITS NEST.

Fourth of July Celebrated at Red Rock Agency.

A GOOD CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

RED ROCK, OTOE AGENCY, I. T., July

20.—The children have all gone. The five

girls who remained here because their people were away visiting, packed their wee trunks this afternoon, tied up their valuables in their school shawls, donned their Indian dresses and trudged off toward home, sweet home. It was a Southern scene out and out, and the old palmy days of the South seemed to come back to me as I watched them walk along with their packs upon their backs and a hot san almost blistering their bare heads. And the vacation we have been looking forward to for weeks is really here at last. The closing exercises of the school, which required weeks of preparation, passed off very creditably in two hours' time. We had a mixed audience of cowboys, Indians, railroad and Government employes and passing boomers. The fan drill and tableaux with the chemical light attracted the Indians, the recitation of "The Tramp," and the comical dialogues were applauded by the cowboys, and the class-drill, conducted by a little 9-year-old Indian maiden received the commendation of the teachers who were present. The whole programme was ably rendered for Indians, and proves the fact that Indians can become more than what they are. And if the Gov-

more than what they are. And if the Government used the same policy with the old that we do with the young, the perplexing question would be settled before many years. We had a ministure Fourth here. One of our employes who had been down to the city of Guthrie, in Oklahoma, brought up with him some Roman candles and five crackers. It reminded me a little of one Christmas, long, long, time ago, when times were hard. But there is so much in cultivating a contented mind and in drawing upon the imagination that we feel that the few simple fire works we had were appreciated and enjoyed away out here among the Indians fully as much as those we have seen on more elaborate occasions.

AN INDIAN EVA. AN INDIAN EVA.

remote, but if the animals had been spirited and on a keen gallop, the man could not have been more thoroughly convinced that he was being run away with. He succeeded at length in escaping from the hack, whereupon he caught the horses, as if to do so were the duty of the ordinary passedger. On looking for the driver he was discovered near the neighboring corner and a policeman bearing over him. He was an old man with a grizzled beard and wrinkled face, and was dead. Perhaps his taking-off might have been the result of too much pulque to enable him to turn the corner and keep his seat, or maybe it was for want of rest, and the old man had fallen asleep and off his box, and broken his neck. The passersely exhibited no more interest in the dead driver than they had for his fare. It was the policeman's business and he was permitted to attend to his duty with plenty of elbow room and without advice. Had the passenger not escaped from his confinement, the officer at the next corner would have caught the team just as methodically as his brother officer in blue was preparing to have the dead driver removed. We all gathered on the east porch. It was a beautiful night, a cresent moon and one bright star were visible. The beautiful colored stars that shot out from the Roman candles pleased the Indian boys and girls very much, many of whom had never seen such things before. When the last silver star had shot out from the last Roman candle, little Phama Istamoutha, a frail, ethereal looking child for an Indian, pointing to the one bright star visible, said in a sweet and impressive manner: "There is one that stayed." Somehow her looks, the thought, the night and all the surroundings made me draw a comparison between her made me draw a comparison between her and little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and I could not but feel that perhaps her life might be as brief as Eva's. These children right we should, that they are no kin to us and Indians. We see in them a needy humanity, and all that brightens life and

humanity, and all that brightens life and makes it worth the living should not be withheld from them because they are Indians.

The Osages and Kaws are visiting the Otoes, and in a few days there will be a big dance at No-ho-che's suburban residence. Two Osages peeped into the schoolroom a few days ago. One was tall and preposessing in his appearance, the other short and resembled a Japanese or a Chinaman; but both were exceptionally clean. We invited them inside to see the drawings. We knew at a glance that they were not Otoes. We tried every means to find out what tribe they were, running over the names of various little more interest manifested. A frightened team was dashing madly toward the Pasco, when that fashionable drive was crowded with equipages and multitudes of people. (That some one must be injured or killed seemed inevitable. A Mexican mounted upon a swift pony came rushing down the broad avenue after the flying brutes. As he gained upon them and was coming within reaching distance, his ready hand twirled his larnst two, three, four times above his head, and away went the loop; before those runaways had fairly created a sensation in the neighborhood to which they were going, the off horse was roped and the team brought to a halt. It was gallantly done, but the hero received little applanse from the but the hero received little applianse from the strollers and the slight acknowledgment came, I thought, not from the natives. It was the rider's impulse or business and he was per-mitted to attend to it in a matter of course way. The Mexicans, too, are great admirers of fine horsemanship. tribes, but not mentioning the name of their tribes, but not mentioning the name of their own tribe. But to all our inquiries they laughed and made a peculiar gesture which meant that they did not understand. Finally the matron said, "Osages?" How they laughed and nodded, and when she said, "Osages rich, heaps of money," the laugh increased and their knowledge of English seemed to come to them intuitively. They understood all the time, but they are as couning as foxes. Often at Chilococ the They understood all the time, but they are as cunning as foxes. Often at Chilococ the boys used to say: "Me ho savey," when asked to do a piece of work which they did not care to do. We told them in a laughing manner that they were smart and would soon learn. They learned surprisingly fast, A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

The Osage reservation is just across the Arkansas river not many miles from here. We can see the deep wooded timber looming up blue in the distance, like the view you catch of the Blue Ridge Mountains

you catch of the Blue Ridge Mountains from some of the high elevations not far from Pittsburg.

There are many nice sand plums on the Osage reservation, and eagles' nests, and young eagles, too, but we dare not go over there. The Osages are warlike. They killed several white men not long ago who were fishing in the Arkansas. It is a temptation, though, when the river is low and we can ford it with our ponies. The Arkansas is a beautiful stream. Viewing it from Arkeketah's tepee, which stands just on the brow of the hill, or from Harrowgarrow's deserted house, wherein his newly-wedded daughter died, is seen a lovely expanse of country. Beauti ul bends in the river, islands here and there and the rich timber of the Osage reservation, uninhabited apparently, free for the eagles' nests and the dark red sand plum and the pecan and the dusky Minnehahas and Hiawathas, but a closed gateway to the enterprising.

thrifty, but avaricious white man.

The bridge is down that spans Red Rock creek. It parted in the middle leaving each end clutching to the banks. The teams that pass must now go around by the ford, and it is surprising to see the number of illit-erate or negligent people who have gotten into the promised land and are disgusted with it, and others who are lured on to it with near warnout horses and poverty in with it, and others was are affect to the with poor worn-out horses and poverty in every feature. A sign has been erected telling them in good plain English that the bridge is down and pointing them in the direction of the ford. But they pass by it and must turn back. A gentleman who thinks he can make

money by the scheme proposes to build a bridge over Red Rock creek, collect the toll ten years and then turn it over free to the Government.

A CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION. One of the schoolboys who left looking gloomy, cross and crabbed, as if his liver were out of fix, returned the other day the very picture of brightness. He had been on a nice visit to the Iowas, and the countenance of his friends had sharpened his. He came into the schoolroom in real gos-sipy style and told me all the news. This sipy style and told me all the news. This was his conversation: "James Whitewater's down there. He's been in prison in Nobraska for 17 years. What for? Why, for killing two white men when he was drunk. Has good clothes, just like he's been at school." Then he smiled and looked exultant, as if the murders he had committed and the disgrace of being in prison were nothing in comparison with the fact of his having good clothes and looking like a returned schoolboy.

We remember that the Otoes collected money to the amount of two or three hun-

money to the amount of two or three hun-dred dollars from the Indians in this tribe to release this man from prison.

It is very warm here, too warm for the Otoes to make hay, but pleasant weather for dancing and general merry-making.

REDBIED.

The Absent-Minded Woman.

Chelses Record. 1 An amusing instance of absent-mindedness curred at a Shawmut street residence last week. The woman of the house was getting an early breakfast for her husband, cooking it over a kerosene stove. Just as she was plac-ing the victuals on the table, the smoking wicks showed a lack of oil in the stove. She immediately lifted the coffee pot and poured the fragrant Java into the reservoir.



Is the Blacking for Men, Women and The RICHEST BLACK POLISH.

Making Leather Waterproof and Durable. No Brush. A Shine Laste a Week. Can be washed with water, same as Oil cloth. The Finest Dressing for Harness.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA



MEDICAL.

# DOCTOR

S14 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA burg papers prove, is the oldest established and most prominent physician in the city, devoting special attention to all chronic diseases. From respon-NO FEEUNTIL CURED sible persons NO FEEUNTIL CURED with the present of the persons of the provided from the provid mizness, sieepiessness, pimpies, erubrions, impoverished blood, failing powers, organic weakness, dyspepsia, constipation, consumption, unfitting the person for business, society and marriage, permanently, safely and privately cured.

BLOOD AND SKIN diseases in all BLOOD AND SKIN diseases in all blood policines, failing hair, bones pains, glandular swellings, ulcerations of tongue, mouth, throat, ulcers, old sores, are cured for life, and blood poisons thoroughly eradicated from the system.

URINARY, ments, weak back, gravel, catarrhal discharges, inflammation and other painful symptoms receive searching treatment, prompt relief and real cures.

Dr. Whittier's life-long, extensive experience, insures scientific and reliable treatment on common-sense principles. Consultation free, Patients at a distance as carefully treated as if here. Office hours 9 a. M. to 8 p. M. Sunday, 10 a. M. to 1 p. M. only. DR. WHITTIER, 814 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

193-403-DSnwk

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

NER VOUS DE BILITY, LOST VIGOR, LOSS OF MEMORY. LOST VIGOR.
LOSS OF MEMORY.
Full particulars in pamphlet sent free. The genuine Gray's Specifie sold by druggists only in yellow wrapper. Price, it per package, or six for it, or by mail in on receipt of price, by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Burfaio, N. Y Sold in Pittsburg by S. 3. HULLAND, corner Smithfield and Liberty sts.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an oid physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe. Effectual. Price 31, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Gotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

HARE'S REMEDY For men! Checks the worst cases in three days, and cures in five days. Price \$1 00, at J. FLEMING'S DRUGSTONE, ia5-29-TTSSu

A SUFFERER from errors of weakness, lost vigor, etc., was restored to health in such a remarkable mannerafter all else had failed that he will send the mode of cure FREE to all fellow sufferers. Address L. G. MITCHELL, East Haddam, Coun. my31-23-bsuwk



# WHO IS THIS MAN?

He is the man with the greatest and best record of any man in his class. He served the U.S. Government twenty-two and a half years, as

SCOUT, GUIDE AND INTERPRETER.

In 1866 he conquered the largest savage tribe of Indians west of the Rockies; in 1873 he killed and captured all of the hostile Modocs, accomplishing more effectual service for the Government than any man, living or dead. He introduced Ka-ton-ka to the white people in 1876, and this simple Indian

medicine has accomplished more cures than any similar medicine known to civilization. The

→\* OREGON+INDIANS \*~

first used it to eradicate the Poisonous Blood Taints contracted from the white adventurers. It cures

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT AND DISEASED KIDNEYS. All druggists ker fit. It has been imitated and counterfeited. name blown in the bottle and a cut of the greatest Indian Scout,

ckay, on White Wrapper, Red Letters.

